But as an Inſtance of their Gratitude,
By Inſtilling conſcious of their general Good,
Poſterity, untaught, His Name ſhall bleſs,
And their firſt Words ſhall be, Oh Happineſs!
Bleſt GEORGE! Saviour of our Rights and Peace!

Now Britain ſhall reviye, again become
The Scourge of Tyrants, and inſulting Rome,
Who now muſt quit all Claims to England's Crown,
And be inſtallible in this alone,
No Papiſt ever ſhall fill Britannia's Throne.

Now watchful Angels ſhall around us wait,
And guard, their chiefeſt Charge, our KING and STATE.
While we, the Envy of the World, become,
Fear'd for our Arms Abroad, like Ancient Rome,
And fam'd for Honeſty and Truth at Home.
In ſhort,
Merit ſhall only flouriſh, Diſcords end,
Or if hereafter any ſhould contend,
'Twill only be, (Oh Change compleatly Bleſt!)
Who Loves, who Honours, who Obeys HIM beſt.

FINIS.

A

POEM

Gen. xlix. V. 23, 24, 25.

The Archers have ſorely grieved Him, and ſhot at Him, and hated Him:

But his Bow abode in ſtrength, and the Arms of his Hands were made ſtrong, by the Hands of the mighty God of Jacob:

Even by the God of thy Father who ſhall Help thee; And by the Almighty who ſhall Bleſs thee.

LONDON,

Printed by *S. Holt*, 1716.

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

Princeſs of Wales,

This POEM is humbly Dedicated,

By Her

Moſt Dutiful,

Devoted humble Servant.

Martha Keinton.

A

POEM.

I Sing the Man, that *Britain*'s Crown now wears,
By providence deſign'd, to eaſe our Cares.
Not *Jeſſe*'s Son, more opportunely came;
When cruel *Saul* was on mount *Gilboa* ſlain.
As *Sheba*'s Queen wiſe Solomon did tell,
He was made King, in love to *Iſrael*;
Indulgent Heaven, thus, on us did ſmile,
When GEORGE was choſen Ruler of our Iſle.
Judah, with *England*, we may parallel:
Our Land is *Goſhen*, we God's *Iſrael*.
Our Government, like theirs, is moſt Divine;
Theocracy through Monarchy do's ſhine.
God only has unalienable Right,
Apply'd to King's, 'tis againſt ſcripture Light:
He ſets up one, and puts another down,
It is His right to Give, or take a Crown.
What right had *David*, whilſt *Saul* had a Son,
The pious, valiant, lovely *Jonathan*?
Yet in Obedience, to Command Divine,
How willingly did he his Right reſign?
When *Ahab* ſold himſelf to Wickedneſs,
Jehu was choſe, their Grievance to Redreſs.
God by his Prophets, then reveal'd his Will:
His Providence explains his Meaning ſtill.

Heaven, and our glorious *William*'s Care;
Has made our King the only Right-full Heir:
'Tis God's Will, Great GEORGE ſhou'd rule our Nation:
Then who dare to call it Uſurpation?
That Providence divine, which brought him Here,
Made Oppoſition fall, his way to Clear;
Baffl'd the Crafty, in their Baſe Deſign;
And our *Achithophels* did Countermine.

For Non-Reſiſters then, 'tis ſomething odd,
Thus to reſiſt, the Ordinance of God.
When Non-Reſiſtance and Rebellion meet,
It is a Soleciſm, amazing Great!
Such Men, what Laws or Oaths can Rule or Bind,
Monſters in Reaſon, ſcarcely human Kind?
Dæmoniac's ſure they are, if now are any;
Legion, their Name, becauſe poſſeſs'd by many.
Such Furies, Mildneſs, never can Engage,
Who break the Bonds of Love, in frantick Rage.
As *Adders* deaf, they ſtop their Ears to Charms,
Of moving Sweetneſs, and of conqu'ring Arms.

In what mild Accents, does our King complain?
Who with ſoft Clemency, deſign'd to Reign,
But finds all gentle Methods ſtill in Vain.
We ſee by all his Actions, 'tis his Choice,
To treat his People, in the ſmall ſtill Voice;
Be cloathed with Mercy, rather than Thunder wear,
Our Love wou'd chooſe t'attract, much more than move
His pious Anceſtors, their Blood did ſpend, (our Fear
For our Religion, which now he does Defend.

Bravely

Bravely for which, he draws his conqu'ring Sword,
Which to ſecure, we have his Royal Word.
His moſt conſummate Wiſdom, *Europe* Charms:
At home ungrateful *Britains* are in Arms!
Ah! Fooliſh *Iſle!* Who can thy Grief expreſs;
Refuſing Madly thus, thy greateſt Happineſs?
Slighting thoſe Charms, which all the World doe Bind;
Spurning at GEORGE, the Darling of Mankind?
Oh! Tell it not in *Gath*, nor *Askelon*,
What *Engliſh* Proteſtants wou'd now have done:
Dethron'd their King, and try'd the fatal Chance,
O'th' *Popiſh* Idol, diſciplin'd in *France*.
So *Indians* Trifles chuſe and ſimple Things,
For all thoſe Treaſures which the Merchant Brings.
To Zealots thanks, who ſpun this fatal Thread,
Our Guides were Blind, and Teachers have miſlead;
Too late they'l find, by what they have begun,
The People ruin'd, and themſelves undone.
But malice with their Temper beſt do's ſuit,
They ſuffer if they cannot perſecute:
High in this Maxim, e'en as high as *Rome*,
Thoſe whom they Can't perſwade they wou'd Dragoon.
Envying thoſe, who are not of their Mind,
The common Bleſſings due to human Kind;
Swelling with pride, and burſting with Revenge,
They'd have their Will, tho' they the World unhinge.
This fill'd the Pulpit with a flagrant Zeal,
Poyſon'd the Mobb, diſturb'd the common Weal;